

# Melting Pot

## Boris Gardiner

I'm not a thug, no, no, no, no, I'm not a gangsta  
But I won't hesitate to cock back, bust and point blank ya  
    Lord thank ya, I'm like that coke and weed  
    When it burn slow, motherfucker I'll stank ya  
    That's what I been taught on these streets  
Ain't a goddamn thing that can't be bought on these streets  
    You want a life gone, that could be done  
I'm like a nigga that did ten years, I'm eager to come  
    In the game and do more than entertain  
I'm loco in the brain, I'm that man with the methods  
    And I always bring the pain, they know me out here  
I call these bitches cocaine 'cause they blow me out here  
    I'm always out here, y'all keep it real  
But I keep it realer, I'ma make my first mill off the deal  
    But I'm still gon' be labeled a Cuban dope dealer  
    I'm just statin' the facts motherfucker  
    I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers  
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
    I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em  
    I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers  
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
    I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em  
    I got that really foul Kung flo flow  
I'm tryna get that really foul Kung do doe  
    But you don't know me homie, so don't judge me  
    I rep the real Miami, that's why the city loves me  
    The feds wanna bug me, haters wanna slug me  
I thank God 'cause He's the only thing that's above me  
    Above me, y'all gon' feel me till it hurts like  
    Lisin' your family over someone else's work  
Or losin' your case 'cause your co-defendant chirped  
    Or losin' your brain 'cause them thangs done burped  
It gets worse, this is for those that'll never see the sun again  
    That'll pick through shit for a balloon just to get it in  
    This is what was fed to him, this is why  
    The game let him in here, being me, being Pit  
Being it, Pitbull and Trick, both from the down south  
    Bitch we from the bottom, shit  
    I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers

And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em  
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers  
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em  
Lord, Your Son got problems and I know that You know  
'Cause You made this all possible  
I live a dangerous ass life, You know  
So, I thank You for Your doctors and Your hospitals  
Thank God for the thugs too  
He understand what these drugs do  
He wanna see us all pull through  
But only if niggaz in the hood knew  
Hell, prayin' ain't wrong but the squeezin' trigger  
Could you go kill an innocent man  
While these weak niggaz grillin' his end?  
They tellin' ya dawg, reducin' they business  
If I wasn't doin' this then I'd go do him in  
'Cause if he was dead he couldn't say he knew me then  
For them niggaz who lie when they pull me in  
It's in the same older cell that they threw me in  
And I just pray for 'em  
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers  
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em  
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers  
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz  
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em

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